

The World

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THE COAL FAMINE.

With not a carload of anthracite coal received in New York yesterday or the day before, with the precious stuff retailed to the poor in pails at a cent a pound, the expenditure for a day's supply representing one-third of a day's income in humble east side homes; with well-to-do householders unable to buy a ton except as a special favor and at a prohibitive price; and with a great school closed and its 1,000 pupils sent home because of the fuel's scarcity—this is the coal famine, long apprehended with alarm and now become a most distressing reality.

For nearly three months the operators have been outspoken in their boasted ability to reopen the mines and start the breakers to work. They have not done so. They have sent out reassuring statements of a daily output of about 29,000 tons, hardly a drop in the bucket as compared with the enormous normal demand. This output was reduced yesterday to 24,000 tons. And this is "washery" coal, inferior in quality, the supply of which is certain to fall with the approach of freezing weather. In the words of a local dealer interviewed yesterday: "Weather that will freeze up a little creek will stop most of the washeries." And when they stop and their relatively unimportant daily product ceases an entire nation will be helpless, its industries crippled if not paralyzed, its general health menaced.

The operators will then have more to answer for than now in responsibility for this discontent and distress. If their boast was a "bluff" it was a sorry one. If they have been able to carry it out their malicious neglect to do so is becoming well nigh criminal.

ELLIS ISLAND ABUSES.

The discovery that the official records of the Ellis Island Immigration station have been rifled and mutilated is startling in itself, but not remarkably so for a bureau which has in years past labored under grave suspicion of maladministration. The discovery was made in the course of an investigation of the official conduct of John Lederhiger, Chief of the Registry Division at Ellis Island. It revealed the abstraction of "hundreds of official documents, some of them of paramount importance, and opened up several channels for further investigation of the conduct of other officials and employees, which is still going on."

Since Commissioner Williams took charge of the bureau there has been an improvement of administrative methods and a commendable effort to rectify errors and reform abuses that were a legacy of past neglect. The disclosures in the Lederhiger case show how great the task is.

The laxity of discipline has been a reproach, largely because it exposed raw immigrants unused to our ways to the dangers of being plucked and plundered by outside cormorants whose practices were permitted or winked at by those within whose duty it should have been to suppress them. The removal of a culpable official like Lederhiger is a good bit of housecleaning.

REAL ESTATE TAXATION.

Yesterday's installment in the Mayor's series of weekly talks was the most important chapter he has yet contributed to his "Primer of Municipal Politics" for citizens. It dealt with the city's borrowing capacity and indorsed and sustained Comptroller Grout's arguments for the full taxation of real estate. More money must be had and what so able to bear an added burden as real estate with a hundred per cent. assessment? Personal property is elusive, hard to get at, of unstable value. "Real estate never runs away."

The Mayor regards this proposed full-value assessment as the "cheapest" feasible method of getting money for the improvements under way or projected—bridges, tunnels and docks. There are contingencies in which it might prove dear. A return of Tammany would make it exceedingly costly.

OUR POLICE IN FOREIGN EYES.

They called Rome "the sink of nations," and now New York, as we learn from a Berlin paper, is the place where "the scum of five continents flows together." This is a "made-in-Germany" remark which may have a bias because of the Fatherland's loss of so many hundreds of thousands of stalwart sons who left their native country to become good New Yorkers.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the handicap against which they are forced to contend in dealing with the "scum of five continents," the New York police, the paper says, has made the public safety "relatively good." Relatively good, a somewhat elastic term, may include City Hall hold-ups, funeral riots, burglarious assaults and still merit the definition of being a desirable condition of safety. Ex-Commissioner Andrews thinks the London police are incomparably better than ours, but there is no doubt that on the whole the praise of the Berlin paper is deserved.

SYNDICATE LOVE LETTERS.

In court proceedings against a Chicago matrimonial bureau yesterday "a dozen blushing typewriter girls" bashfully admitted that they had written gushing letters to more than 50,000 love-lorn men whose addresses the police seized in raiding the establishment. The letters were the fictitious responses of "matrimonial prizes" of the feminine gender to the ardent appeals of deluded wooers.

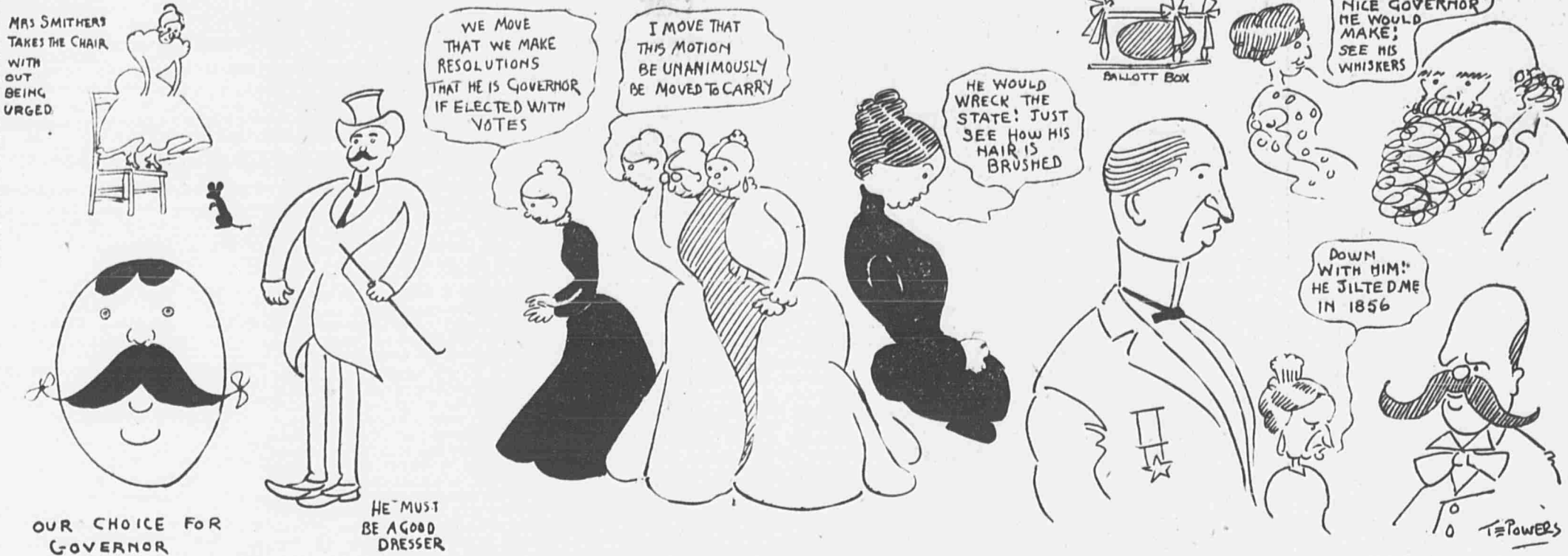
Heartless Circos! Tapping out deceiving love messages lightly on the keys, each gentle tap acquiring vigor in transit until it became a mortal blow for some confiding masculine heart! Mocking Cupid, fooling with the holy ardor of love's promptings, playing on heart strings that will never again respond so fully to a real passion as to this feigned one.

The ancients thought that Cupid visited a terrible vengeance on those who mocked him and his mother. What will he do to these rash typewriter girls? Let them live on, unweaned and unloved, tapping away wearily for years at the keys until replaced by a younger and firmer operator? The punishment would fit the crime.

Mr. Roosevelt a British Colonel.—The project to make President Roosevelt colonel of a British line regiment is a subtle compliment. It puts the President and the Kaiser in the same class. Incidentally, it will give "the President's Own" a fame such as the Scots' Guards or Coldstream Guards have not dreamed of.

A "MERE MAN'S" IDEA OF WOMAN IN POLITICS.

From Artist Powers's Point of View.



OUR CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR.

HE MUST BE A GOOD DRESSER.

Women's clubs in Brooklyn and elsewhere are framing resolutions concerning the political campaign and taking an active interest in all phases of politics. The above cartoon may or may not be an accurate delineation of such clubs' meetings.

WHERE HE FELL DOWN.



Book Agent—May I show you a book on "How to Be Beautiful?"
Miss Prettybit—No, thanks; I know how already.

WANTED A TIP.



Bumbluck—Hi, there! What bait do you use?

REVENGE AT LAST.



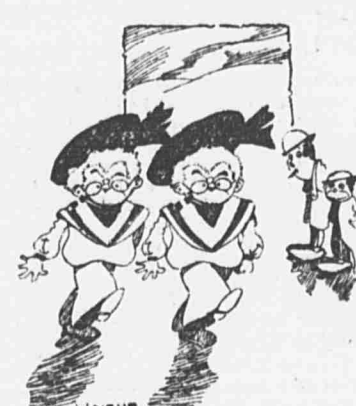
Plumber—I stopped that leak up at the house. It'll be \$60.
Coal Dealer—All right; I sent you two tons yesterday. Gimme \$5 and we'll call it square. I don't want to be hard on you.

FRAUD.



Hungry Higgins—Now, I don't feel as if I was eatin' a Thanksgiving dinner. Dis yer hypnosis is no good.

THE DIFFERENCE.



Micky—Hi, Jimmie, are dem two guys brudders?
Jimmie—Now, dere twins.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

CERTAINLY.

"Yes, that five-pound trout seemed a sort of proprietor of the brook he'd been there so long, but I caught him at last." "Made him a landed proprietor, eh?"

THE CALL DOWN.

"What did your boss say when you didn't get to the factory till 6:15 A. M. instead of 6?" "Asked me where I'd been all the forenoon."

FOR THE HEATHEN.

"Johnnie, I gave you a dollar bill to put in the plate at the collection for the benefit of the poor little heathen out in Africa, and you only put in a plugged penny." "Oh, well, mamma, the ignorant little heathen won't know the difference."

COULDN'T FEAZE HIM.

"Cy Durling'll never admit he's surprised at anything." "I know he won't. Why, when a confederate gave a show at the opy house, and pulled three rabbits and a rattlesnake out of Cy's hair, all Cy said was: 'I'm not surprised. I've expected they was there for some time.'"

BORROWED JOKES.

EXPERT OPINION.

"Professor, I want to ask you a question, if you please." "Certainly. Let me hear it." "I want to ask you if your experience leads to the belief that a person who eats a Welch rabbit should sleep on a hare mattress."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ERRORS.

Wife—You don't seem to enjoy the dinner, dear. What's the matter? Husband—I was wondering if there weren't some typographical errors in that cook book of yours.—Chicago Daily News.

IN CASE OF NEED.

Mrs. Browne—I have decided, James, to let the girl go and do my own cooking after this. Mr. Browne (resignedly)—All right. I will have the telephone put in right away. It will be so much easier then to call the doctor.—Somerville Journal.

A WARM NUMBER.

"Mr. Newman," said the city editor to the cub reporter, "I wish you would keep your eyes open for a good, not Sunday story." "Yes, sir; I've got it right here," was the reply, as Newman handed over a column of stilted prose on the habits of the red pepper.—Baltimore News.

UNIQUE ADORNMENTS FOR FAIR THROATS.

Fascinating Throat
Wear in
Chiffon
and
Bretton
Lace



Black Point d'Esprit
with Trimmings
of Satin Ribbon



The Rose Leaf Stole.

Summer's sheer daintiness having vanished from women's gowns with the first touch of cold weather, it transfers itself to the fluffs and frills which they wind about their necks.

More and more beautiful grow the new creations in neckwear, more and more does an artistic touch show through the chiffons and laces composing them. The flowers that faded with summer bloom again in the new winter boas, and it is maybe in memory of some pretty June wedding that a stole called "the Bishop" is the favorite. This stole was described yesterday. Another most elaborate bit of finery for a beauty to heighten her charms with bears the name of the rose-leaf stole, and it is lovely as well as elaborate. The foundation of white chiffon is literally covered with simulated rose petals in white, cream or pink, and sometimes in the soft "marchal" color. It has the same stole-like ends as the chrysanthemum boa, which was yesterday described on this page.

It has a softening effect on the sternest of faces, while it makes youth and loveliness bewitching. The rose-petal may be shirred into the natural-looking crumples so often seen in real roses, or they may be nearly flat and so thickly strewn (or sewn) all over the stole as to suggest to the beholder "the rose-bud garden" with the queen girl-rose in the midst of it. A fair idea of this late

fashion in neckwear may be gained from the illustration. To see it in all its beauty a woman should buy it and wear it.

A stole somewhat similar in shape is soberer in color and in its general make-up. Black point d'esprit is its foundation, with black satin ribbon quilted all along the edges and in points across the ends, and in a collar-like effect about the neck and shoulders. The ends are long, reaching nearly to the feet. For more variety in this style shirred chiffon may substitute the satin ribbon.

Two other new neck designs are shown. They are dressy and very becoming to most women. They have high plaited collars and short ends fastened after the manner of the stocks and ties so popular during the summer. The material is chiffon, trimmed with Bretton lace. They may be made in either white or colors.

A woman's neck is often her tender point in more than a literal sense. With these artistic creations the painless of women will appear to unusual advantage.

CONCERNING LENGTH.

"Have you been married long?" asked the lady, who was making conversation, of the six-footer.

"Just as long as I am now," he replied.—Ohio State Journal.

HAY FEVER THEORIES.

Some recent scientific investigations on the subject in Germany have not added very much to our knowledge as to the causes of the disease or the most effectual remedy. A great many differing theories are advanced by patients as to the origin in their own cases. One lady declared that she caught hay fever whenever she happened to think of it, while another said an attack would be brought on by thinking of a cornfield. A third patient asserted that it would be produced if cats came into the room; one has heard before to-day of the sight of a cat bringing on a fainting fit, and some hypersensitive persons have attributed a swoon to the smell of a rose. The rather generally received opinion that the pollen of flowers is the cause of hay fever is not confirmed by Dr. Thost's experiments. The doctor is, unfortunately, unable to propound an effectual cure. There is a prophylactic, indeed, but some people would think the remedy as bad as the disease. It is to live in a place where there is no vegetation. On that account the island of Heligoland is much resorted to by German sufferers.

A FEW REMARKS.

The shorter the days the longer the gas bill.

Mr. Morgan realizes at last how far distant Saratoga is from Wall street.

Some thousands of Americans their travels now deplore. There's lack of ships to bring them all back to their native shore. Our ships must be far smaller than the crafts they built of yore; The Mayflower held twenty million ancestors or more.

Maybe Roumania will decide to indorse Hay's note after all.

Leo Stevens's flying machine is a wonder. It seems capable of doing anything except flying.

They're chopping down the price of beef. Yet all don't chortle with relief. This wish goes up from many a soul: "Would that cheap beef could burn like coal!"

Will Eiling hunting become a popular police pastime?

Now that the striking piano-makers have been persuaded to go back to work let the piano players try a strike and see if the public does any particularly hectic persuading to recall them.

Chovfa Maha Vajirayudh, Prince of Siam, could readily at any time resolve all possible doubts as to his sobriety by having a try at pronouncing his own name.

This is a bad epoch for bosses.

SOMEBODIES.

EDWARD VII.—has been god-father to seventy-five persons.

MOLYNEUX, FATHER—St. John's College, owns a skullcap formerly worn by Pope Leo XIII. and presented to the priest by His Holiness himself.

MORGAN, J. P.—has offered to the Athenaeum Library at Liverpool more than a thousand original Burns manuscripts.

SCHLEY, ADMIRAL—has celebrated his thirty-ninth wedding anniversary, at Laconia, N. H., and received on that occasion a handsome present from the merry villagers in token of all he has done for their State.

SWANKI, BARON—is the latest foreign notable to sail for this country. He is Japanese and comes here from England, where he was sent on a diplomatic mission.

ABOUT VISITING CARDS.

Many inquiries have been received regarding correct form in visiting cards, says the San Francisco Chronicle. They are collectively answered in the following Don'ts:

Don't use glazed or enamelled cards.
Don't attempt novelty in your visiting cards either in the size, form, texture or engraving.
Don't omit the prefix. If your name is James Johnson, your visiting card should read Mr. James Johnson; if your name is Mary Jones your visiting card should bear the prefix "Miss."
Don't use printed cards. The name should always be engraved.
Don't use militia or other complimentary titles on visiting cards.

Don't have your card engraved "Mrs. Bronson" if you are the wife of a younger brother. This title belongs to the wife of the head of the Bronson family, or, as in the case of Mrs. Astor, to the eldest lady of the Astor family.

Don't, if you would be fashionable, use a visiting card with your own and your husband's name engraved upon it. Separate cards are used by husband and wife.

Don't hand your card to your hostess.
Don't call on one of a number of "at home" days unless you have been especially invited.

Don't send your cards at the corners or ends; the fashion is obsolete.
Don't make formal calls while in deep mourning.
Don't make formal calls before 3 in the afternoon.
Don't call at meal time.

GORDON'S STATUE.



This statue of "Chinese" Gordon, the martyr of Khartoum, is by the late Onslow Ford and was unveiled recently in London by the Duke of Cambridge. In the fall it will be taken to Khartoum, where Gordon was killed.

AFTER THE WATCH.

A merchant in Chestnut street has become very fond of an office boy he engaged last June, says the Philadelphia Times. The boy entered very early in the morning when the merchant was reading the paper. The latter glanced up and went on reading without speaking. After three minutes the boy said:

"Excuse me—but I'm in a hurry!"
"What do you want?" he was asked.
"A job."

"You do? Well," snorted the man of business, "why are you in such a hurry?"
"Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me, say so, and I'll look elsewhere. The only place I can stop long is where they pay me for it."

"When can you come?" asked the surprised merchant.
"Don't have to come," he was told. "I'm here now, and would have been to work before this if you'd said so."

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Lady.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
When a lady and gentleman meet, who should first bow?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Look in Brooklyn.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

A word of advice to the person who calls himself a "Staten Island Chap." If I were he my first adventure would be to visit the city of Brooklyn (before questioning the beauty of our young ladies) and take a walk along some of the main thoroughfares and keep his eyes open, after which I am sure he would change his mind about Staten

Island girls being better looking than Brooklyn girls. Does he stop to think for one minute that he is admiring a good many of our Brooklyn girls who have gone to New Brighton and other summer resorts on Staten Island to spend their vacations? The majority of our young ladies in Brooklyn do not pose as beauties at their druggists' expense, but are naturally beautiful.

BONA FIDE.

Pities "Observant."
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I want to tell you how my heart goes out to that person who signed his name "Observant," and who complains that

he never sees a pretty girl any more. I know it must be hard to go around and never see a pretty girl. The truth is that Mr. Observant evidently does not know a pretty girl when he sees one.

Defends the Auto.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is very stupid of any one if he has any prejudice against the automobile. There is practically very little difference between the horse and the motor carriage. The latter is simply an improvement upon the former. Naturally, the modern mind is rather slow to act favorably in regard to anything which is new. It requires some time before the

novelty wears off. This should, however, be no excuse for attempts to injure the machines or the occupants thereof.

CHAUFFEUR.

A Query for Athletes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will athletic readers state their opinion of a young man who says he can walk from Nineteenth street and Broadway to Wall street in twenty minutes during the rush hours? J. F. COADY.

Ridicule, Not Chivalry.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to say that I most assuredly agree with the correspondent who signs herself "Stella," and who objects to public love-making. A public display of

affection is always in bad taste. This is a fact which every cultured person will affirm. It not only makes the woman in question most conspicuous, but makes her companion appear more ridiculous than chivalrous. Self-respect would never sanction such public manifestations of mutual regard.

NABEL.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know if it is good when rising to exercise and immediately (before giving perspiration a chance to dry) to take a bath. And also, nights, before retiring, to exercise and to take another